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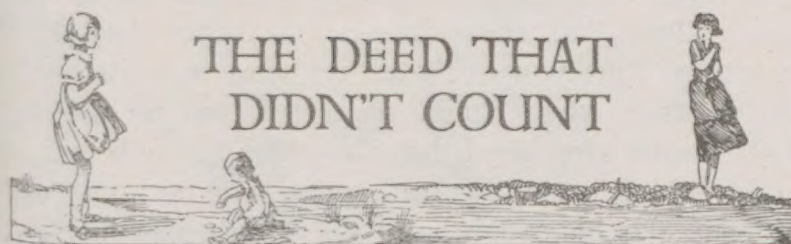
RED
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FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

MAY 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.



THE sunshine of a fine afternoon in August lay hot upon the moor and struck sparkles from the brown waters of the river as they rushed past, swelled by yesterday's rain. On the heathery bank a boy and a girl were taking a short rest by the remains of a fire of peat and sticks over which they had boiled a kettle for tea. Close by them a handsome spaniel was lapping something out of a saucer with evident enjoyment.

"It's nice here, isn't it?" said the girl.

"Awfully jolly," replied her companion. "I say, look how the water swirls past. Won't the river be in fine condition when Uncle George and Pater come to-morrow? Hulloo! did you see that fellow leap?"

"Yes; a big one. Didn't he make a splash? They're coming up in hundreds if we could only see them. Uncle George is going to let you fish for salmon when he comes, isn't he?"

"I hope so," replied her cousin, with an expectant look on his pleasant, open face. "Pater was going to choose a rod for me at the stores if he had time."

Sheila thought, but did not say, that this would be the end of the happy days of fishing for trout in the burn with her cousin.

Not for the world would she have let fall a hint of disappointment to Ronnie; he was such a kind, unselfish boy, that he would be quite capable of giving up the treat he was looking forward to if he thought she would be lonely. Ronnie was just about the nicest boy she had ever met, Sheila said to herself affectionately.

"You're a Boy Scout, aren't you, Ronnie?" she asked.

"Yes," replied her cousin. "I joined the troop last spring.—Here, Rex, old man, stop licking that saucer; you won't get any more out of it. Hi! you'll break it, old fellow; let me take it.—The worst of it is," he resumed, "that it's not much good being a Scout when you're on a holiday; it's all so jolly comfortable here, and you don't get a chance of doing things for people as you do in a town."

Sheila said to herself that Ronnie was always helping people in big and little things; but then, she reflected, there were no great heroic things happening in Glen Ettrick, such as a boy like Ronnie might do if he had the chance.

Her eyes strayed to another picnicking group, who had been boiling a kettle in a low-lying point of ground by the riverside.

"Ronnie," she said, "do you see that woman with the two little children? I've been watching them, and I don't think that piece of ground is very safe. The current is very strong, you know; and the river is rising——"

"Well, I must say I don't like the look of it either," answered the lad. "Suppose we go down and warn them?"

They had not scrambled more than half-way down the high bank, when a terrible thing happened. The flood suddenly swirled over part of the low ground, and in a moment had cut off the extreme end of the point, where the children had wandered, placing a raging torrent between the helpless mites and their mother.

Ronnie and Sheila echoed the cry of dismay which the poor woman sent up; then they tore down the slippery, insecure ground by the river. The current was breaking the soil away rapidly; and to their horror they saw the new-made island being swept away bit by bit in the flood.

A fresh cry of terror arose from the mother; and Ronnie flung himself into the water. Almost before she was aware Sheila had followed him and was trying to keep her feet in the current. How strong the water was, nearly sweeping her away! And, oh, it was so cold! The island was not far off; but would they be able to reach it, with the stream buffeting them like this, and the ground slipping from under their feet?

Ronald clutched a branch of osier with one hand, caught Sheila's arm with the other, and they managed to draw themselves on to the island. Rex was at their side, dripping wet and anxious to help.

Ronnie swung the elder child on to his shoulder and seized the baby.

"No, I'll carry it," cried Sheila, snatching the child from him; and Ronnie yielded. There was no time for arguing in their perilous position.

The return was still more difficult, burdened as

they were, and with the mud and stones slipping from under them. Sheila stumbled, and for one agonized moment gave herself up for lost; then she felt Rex pressing against her—old Rex, who was swimming with something in his mouth.

They were close to the land—insecure, shaky ground; but strong arms were stretched out and dragged them ashore.

The children were safe although wet; and the mother tried to thank their rescuers, while the boatmen, who had been attracted by her cries, hurried the whole party into the shelter of the nearest cottage.

How the two babies cried while they were being undressed, popped between warm blankets, and comforted! The mother was still thanking Ronnie and Sheila, who could hardly reply, their teeth chattered so; and the older boatman's wife scolded them for imprudence, while her husband and son hurried to the "big house" for dry clothing for the "young lady and gentleman."

It was a babel of crying, laughing, and talking; and in the midst of it all old Rex, who had been sitting by the fire drying himself, and marvelling at the confusion, jumped up and ran out, returning with the woman's basket, which he offered to its owner.

"That's what he was carrying in his mouth when he was swimming," cried Sheila; "I could not think what it was!"

Rex stood with the basket still in his mouth, wagging his tail as though to say, "Take it, and don't cry any more; I know this is what you were worrying about. Here it is, quite safe!"

"He's a brave old dog, and did his best to help," said Sheila as he was relieved of his offering and pats were bestowed upon his damp coat.

"Yes, and you did your best too," said her cousin. "I can tell you I *was* funky to think of you struggling along in the current. But why in the name of

wonder did you take that blessed baby from me? I'd got him quite firmly——"

"Yes, but you were holding him head downwards," laughed Sheila; "the poor child's head would have been under water!"

Ronnie became rather pink as he muttered something about "all those dresses and things they put on a kid, so that you can't tell its head from its heels." Afterwards, when Sheila suggested that he had done the Scout's kind deed that day at any rate, he said he didn't think it could count, because he had only done the same as his cousin, and she wasn't a Scout.

"But then I don't think I would have done it if I hadn't seen you step into the water first," argued Sheila; "so I think it *does* count."



A FRESH CRY OF TERROR AROSE FROM THE MOTHER.

Ronnie didn't think that was enough; and he was still bothered about his inability to do kind deeds which make it worth while being a Scout, when his father arrived bringing with him the hoped-for fishing-rod. Catching a fish on the first day's trial consoled him a little; and he presented the prize to the children's mother when he went to inquire whether she and the little ones were any the worse of their adventure. But he felt dreadfully embarrassed when the poor woman thanked him all over again for saving her

children. He said it was only what any fellow would have done in his place.

HILDA SKAE.

Keep Smiling

THE mother missed her tiny son when out shopping. She found him at last near a doorway making faces at a very passive bulldog.

"Why are you making faces?" she asked.

"But, mother," protested the boy, "he began it!"

Sent in by JAMES SHIRLEY

THE twins were quarrelling.

"Now, children," said mother, "you really must agree."

"That's just it, mother—we do agree," replied Jackie. "I want the big apple, and so does Tom."

Sent in by MARY POOLER.

Gems from the Poets

My Garden

I HAVE a garden of my own
 Shining with flowers of every hue ;
 I loved it dearly while alone,
 But I shall love it more with you :
 And there the golden bees shall come,
 In summer-time at break of morn,
 And wake us with their busy hum,
 Around the Siha's fragrant thorn.

I have a fawn from Aden's land
 On leafy buds and berries nurst ;
 And you shall feed him from your hand,
 Though he may start with fear at first.
 And I will lead you where he lies
 For shelter in the noontide heat ;
 And you may touch his sleeping eyes,
 And feel his little silvery feet.

THOMAS MOORE.

June

THERE is no price set on the lavish summer,
 And June may be had by the poorest comer.
 And what is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near.
 Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
 Everything is happy now,
 Everything is upward striving ;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green or skies to be blue.
 'Tis the natural way of living.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Motto for May.

The happiness of life is made up of little things—pleasant thoughts, friendly feelings, and kind actions.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Sent in by AUDREY LANG,
 163 Norwich Road, Ipswich,
 to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Prize Poetry

Contributed by Our Readers

(See Competition, March number)

BESSIE had a pussy-cat,
 Her coat was white as snow,
 And she was so contented that
 She never tried to grow.

One day she followed Bess to school,
 And then—what do you think ?
 Some naughty boys got hold of her
 And covered her with ink.

(Winifred Godfrey.)

Bessie had a pussy-cat,
 She called it "Pretty Pet,"
 And once when Bessie bought a hat
 Her cat said, "I regret."

Then Bessie asked her little cat,
 "Now what do you regret ?"
 Her cat then answered, "Now that hat
 You'll like more than your pet."

(Edna Sherman.)

Bessie had a pussy-cat,
 Its coat was smooth as silk ;
 But one day Bessie pepper put
 Into the pussy's milk.

It was a naughty thing to do,
 The little puss to tease ;
 And now, whene'er it wants a snooze,
 It only gets a sneeze.

(Marth Gilchrist.)

Bessie had a pussy-cat,
 It was of Cheshire breed,
 At different times 'twould laugh and grin
 When it was time to feed.

It followed her to shop one day ;
 Of course it didn't know
 That pussy-cats ought not to steal—
 'Tis now the butcher's foe.

(Lenna Short.)

Bessie had a pussy-cat
 Whose coat was soft as silk,
 And every time she turned her back
 It lapped up all the milk.

It followed her to church one day,
 Which caused a dreadful fuss ;
 The minister forgot the prayer,
 And that made things much worse.

(May Wilkinson.)

Peter had a puppy-dog
 Whose fur was black as soot,
 And every time that mother passed
 She trod upon his foot.

He followed all the cats for miles,
 Which made poor Peter sigh.
 Yet pussies were all wreathed in smiles,
 Safe in the tree-tops high.

(Phyllis Boden.)

Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

BY ROBERT BIRD

5. JOHN FOLLOWS JESUS

JOHN tells us about the second visit of Jesus to the river bank. Suddenly the dark eyes of the Baptist glowed with excitement as, with head up-lifted, he looked at the distant figure. Yes, it was He! His heart leapt and throbbed. The river, the banks, the faces of men vanished from his sight as he recognized the Christ! He was coming towards the Baptist. Their eyes met, and the Baptist's heart was thrilled so that he could have cried to the people, "Behold your King!" Would Christ speak to him or to them? He moved, He stood, and looked as one who was a stranger among them. His dark eyes seemed to pity the crowds He looked upon, but He did not speak. But see! He is going away. The Baptist could keep silent no longer. Christ had returned! He was in their midst! And he called to his disciples,—

"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" pointing, with bare arm, at the figure in the crowd. Following the direction of his hand, the disciples saw, on the edge of the crowd, a young man in the dress of a peasant of Galilee, going quietly away; and some recognized Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth. They wondered, and doubted; but the Baptist confirmed his words.

Leaving the Baptist, John and Andrew went after Jesus, keeping at a distance—the first men to follow Him. As the two hastened away, there was no mistaking what they were doing. They were watching Jesus. People soon know when they are being followed, by persons who stop when they stop, and go on again when they go on. They had not walked far until Jesus knew He was being followed, and He went slow that they might overtake Him. Perhaps they had a message for Him? When they drew near He turned round, and His dark eyes looked into John's soul.

Jesus asked them what they sought, for it was plain they wished something. In reply John humbly called Him Master, and asked where He lived. They wished to know where to find Him. The answer was far beyond their expectation. Jesus told them to come with Him and see for themselves.

How long the two men remained with Jesus we do not know. But when they returned and told the Baptist they had found where the Christ lived and

had been with Him, he was not surprised, nor was he vexed when John said they were going to leave him and follow Christ. He wished the people to follow Jesus, for he came as a prophet to point the way to Him.

When John and Andrew told their companions of their decision to follow Jesus, it was not welcomed, and no one offered to come with them. We read later on that they were jealous of Jesus and of His disciples. But Andrew went for his brother Peter and asked him to come, telling him that John and he had found where the Christ was staying. Peter, the rugged, middle-aged fisherman, when he heard the story of his brother's meeting with Jesus, resolved to leave the Baptist also and follow Him. When Jesus saw Peter, He recognized him as a fisherman from the lakeside; and Peter became His leading disciple. About the same time John asked his brother James to leave the Baptist and come with them. And Jesus Himself got another young fisherman from Bethsaida, called Philip, to come.

Some days had now passed. Jesus had five young men with Him; and He told them they must go back to Galilee together. It may have been at the end of a Temple festival, when the Galileans were returning home. But Jesus did not ask the Baptist to come; and it must have been a strange parting at the side of the river between the Baptist and his three disciples and Jesus. They walked along the northern road by the side of the Jordan River, and the Baptist and his friends went up again into the hills of Judea.

There was a stir in the fishing village of Bethsaida by the lake when John and his brother and Peter and Andrew and Philip came home, telling every one that they had found the Christ proclaimed by the Baptist and foretold in the Scriptures, and that He was the son of Joseph of Nazareth, whom they knew. John would tell how Jesus came to the Baptist at the fords, who baptized Him and saw the Spirit of God resting upon Him; that the Baptist had told them He was the Son of God. James and he had left the Baptist to follow Jesus, the Christ, who had come back with them to Galilee. He had gone up the hills to His mother's home in Nazareth, and was there now.

The men of Bethsaida did not rise and rejoice. They doubted and received the young men coldly. John was young and inexperienced, and had been carried away. Let him be guided by the rabbi of the synagogue. Could a young carpenter from the hills, whose people they knew, be the Christ? Jesus had been known at the lakeside for years!

The young fishermen could not answer their father

and mothers, their brothers, and their friends with arguments, but they could say, "Come and see." And some went with John across the flowery plain and up the winding road through the glen to the hills above. They were going to join Jesus again. At the head of a broad vale, in a hollow of the hills, lay Nazareth, a village of square white houses, set in ragged gardens, with a rough street of cobble stones. The doors were small and the windows few. Low flat roofs were covered with vines and creeping plants. In one of these little houses Jesus lived with His mother, while her family grew up around her from their babyhood till they were young men and women.

John and his companions from the busy lakeside town did not think much of the quiet out-of-the-way village in the hills, but it is now visited every year by thousands of people from the ends of the earth. Their friends from the lake saw nothing great about Jesus the carpenter; but were He now to enter a room of kings all would rise to their feet, and many would kneel.

Perhaps these wise men from the lake expected to find the village in a state of excitement because Christ had arrived. But there were no crowds round the door of the carpenter's house, where Jesus was living with His mother. How much had been told in the village of what passed at the fords of Jordan John did not know. But Mary the mother of Jesus knew much. Laid up in her heart were signs and wonders all unknown to the world. She knew her Son as no one on earth would ever know Him. She had nursed Him, and taught His infant feet to walk, His tongue to speak, and His lips to praise God. She knew the weft and the woof of which he was made, His hopes, His fears, His future. Others might think He was Christ; she knew, and had always known. Blessed among women to have had the Son of God in her keeping during all these precious years!

Jesus had told His mother what had happened, but she was not to speak about it. And when His five disciples returned He told them to be silent also. He was the young prophet of Nazareth, and they were His disciples. The villagers did not see how Joseph's son could be a prophet, and they did not believe it. The village rabbi would tell them to keep to the good old sayings and the safe old rules they had learned at school, and not listen to new ideas. Jesus would be wise to return to His work as the village carpenter, and not try to teach things He had never learned. And the village elders thought so too.



WHEN Frank and Tom came home from school one afternoon, they found their uncle very busy finishing a net he had made of green gauze.

It had the shape of a shallow bag, and was fixed to a stout wire ring. This ring was fastened to a walking-stick with a piece of strong string.

On the table there were three wide glass jars, each with a piece of cord tied round the neck to serve as a handle.

"Now," said Uncle George, as he finished tying the net to the stick, "now we are all ready for a visit to that pond of yours."

The pond was about half a mile away, in the corner



POND-NET AND GLASS JARS.

of a field near a wood. A small stream ran out of it, and joined a larger one a short distance away. The last time the boys had seen this pond it was covered with ice, and they had a merry time skating upon it. When they reached it on this afternoon, it looked quite different. The grass around its banks was fresh and green, and rushes were peeping up through the water.

"Listen!" said Uncle George.

"Croak, croak, cr-roak" came from beyond the rushes, while here and there a little head would bob up and down in the water.

"Frogs!" said Frank.

Uncle George nodded, and, stepping to the edge of the pond, he pulled the net out, and with it a large mass of what looked like clear jelly, having a large number of black dots in it.

"Bring the largest jar, Tom," he said; "we are going to take this home."

"What is it, Uncle George?" both boys asked at once.

"It is a mass of frog's eggs, called the spawn of the frog," their uncle replied. "Now, Frank, hold the jar over the water while I try to pour it in."

It was no easy matter getting it into the jar. It fell back into the pond several times before it was at last got in the jar.

"There," said Uncle George, as he placed the jar, now filled with frog spawn, upon the bank. "Now, let us go to another part of the pond and look for something else."

"Keep quite still and look into the water. That is the only way to study pond life. If you move about you will see very little. Now tell me if you see anything moving at the bottom of the pond."



FROG AND SPAWN IN WATER.

"I see things like little pieces of stick moving slowly about," said Tom in a whisper; "but perhaps it is the water that is moving them."

"Not a bit of it," said Uncle George. "They are not pieces of stick. There is a living creature inside each of them. We must have some of them, Tom. They are very interesting creatures." And Uncle George put his hand carefully down and picked several of them up.

"These are caddis 'worms,'" said Uncle George. He placed them in the second jar, and filled it up with water.

Tom then saw that each of the "sticks" was really a little house, in which was an insect of some sort.

The cases were built of all kinds of odds and ends, glued together by the clever creatures that lived inside them.

Some were built of little pieces of rush or water-weed, others of tiny shells, and others of very small stones.

Each case was open at one end, and from this end the little dweller came almost half-way out. They could see his head, his legs, and the fore part of his body as he moved along, dragging his little house after him.

"Uncle George, come here please," Frank shouted from the other side of the pond. "Oh, such a funny animal!—a fish with legs."

"A fish with legs?" said Uncle George, laughing. "Oh, we must come and see that."

"Why, that isn't a fish, Frank. It is a newt." And Uncle George put in the net to catch him. But the creature was too quick for him. It darted out of sight.

"Here are two others. Oh, such big ones!" said Tom, in a loud whisper.

This time Uncle George was luckier. When he drew up the net there were two large creatures like lizards in it.

"This is a lucky find, boys," said their uncle. "Great crested newts, and what beauties they are!"

The boys were surprised to see him take one of the newts out of the net in his hand. He turned them over and looked at them closely before putting them into the jar.

"Aren't you afraid they will bite you, Uncle George?" Tom asked.

"No, they cannot bite, and for a very good reason. They have got no teeth. They are most harmless creatures."

"But we must be getting home, boys. We have done well for our first visit to the pond. I will tell you all about what we have found when we get home, and you must watch them closely for yourselves."

"Are we going to keep all these animals?" Frank asked.

"We will keep them for a little while, so as to find out what we can about them, then we will put them in the pond again."

Shakespeare as a Playmate

"BILLIE," said his mother, "you must not say that word again."

Billie. "Well, Shakespeare says it."

Mother. "Then you must not play with him again."

Sent in by JOE CLAY, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.



CHAPTER VII

BELATED

"WE couldn't be lost on a moor," laughed Noel. "Cluny will show us the way. Hi, ho, Cluny—home, good dog!"

But Cluny preferred to remain with friends, and showed no bump of locality at all. Possibly he thought Miss Spinton might be lying in wait for him amongst the mists to lead him back to captivity. It was wonderful what instinct Cluny had, for he never could be persuaded to go near Miss Spinton's shop. But he did not show much instinct about finding the way home, and even Noel soon had to confess that it was quite possible to be lost on a moor.

An uncomfortable sort of drizzle was falling too now, and mingling with the mist which rose to meet it. You could not exactly say it was raining, but it certainly was what Scottish people call "a wee bit saft."

Ann began to shiver, whilst Noel, in spite of pleadings, would take off his coat and put it over the blackberries in the uncovered basket.

"It would be a shame if they got spoiled after all our trouble," he declared.

"It would be much worse if you caught cold," retorted Ann.

Noel did not reply. The worry of losing their way, the discomfort of the rain, and the per-

plexity as to what was best to do, made them all feel rather "prickly." Con was the wisest in trying a song, but that always was Con's method. He cheered himself that way.

"There was a jolly miller lived by himself," sang Con.

"By grinding corn he got his wealth;
One hand in the hopper, the other in the bag,
As the wheel went round, they all called 'grab.'"

Con said "grab" so comically that they could not help laughing. Indeed, even Cluny came to heel to inquire what was the matter.

"I believe there's a house over there," said Noel, pointing. "Let's go and ask the way back to Clauden. We don't want to bed out on the moors."

"You might get your wish to sleep in Spaniard's Mill sooner than you expected," added Ann. "Shall we race to the house?"

It was a very waddling sort of race. Noel was too much afraid of upsetting the blackberries to go fast. Ann floundered amongst the heather roots. Con nearly tumbled over Cluny. I am sure they were all very

pleased to reach the door of the quaint little dwelling which was sheltered under a big cairn.

Such a funny little old man opened the door to them. He wore big glasses, and his grey hair was thick and curly. He laughed when Ann



IT WAS A VERY WADDLING SORT OF RACE. NOEL WAS TOO MUCH AFRAID OF UPSETTING THE BLACKBERRIES TO GO FAST.

clutched Cluny's collar and asked if they might chain him outside.

"Come in, come in," he said. "There are no carpets to be spoiled here. Let the dog come in too. No one will grumble, unless you keep me out here."

"We only wanted to know the way back to Claudeen," gasped Noel, as a swirl of wind swept them bodily into the house.

The little old gentleman laughed as he closed the door. "You shall know the way," he said. "The wind is rising, and will blow the mists away. When they are quite gone Hal shall direct you. But before then we are going to give Hal the trouble of bringing us in tea. Nice hot tea with sugar to sweeten it and cream to richen it. Sit down, and whilst it is brewing you shall tell me who you are. Strangers to Cornwall by your talk, eh?"

Noel did not take long over introductions. None of the three was really shy, and the little old gentleman was as pleased as could be when he heard who Uncle Bob was.

"A very old friend of mine," said he. "Perhaps you will have heard him talk of Rufus Trenaint?"

"The man who finds out what's inside cairns and places like that?" cried Noel. "Say! that's the very man we've been wanting to know."

"Are you Rufus Trenaint?" asked Ann, laying her hand on the little old man's knee.

"Yes, I am," he replied. "And also the man who is interested in the inside of cairns, caves, and all sorts of old places, things, and people. That is why I live here in King Arthur's home country. But I am very interested in quite young people too, and am only sorry that I have not got a larder full of cakes for you all."

"We wouldn't want them," sighed Con; "we had too big a picnic."

How Noel and Ann stared. It was positively the first time Con had ever been heard to say he did not want cake! Ann was dreadfully afraid he must be ill.

"Have you ever made discoveries?" asked Noel. "And have you ever heard of the secret stair between the old monastery and Priest's Cove?"

"Yes," nodded Mr. Trenaint, "and spent many days looking for it. But I have never even been able to find a clue. I have found two or three small chambers in the cairn close here, and other interesting relics in the districts around. Ah! here comes tea. Hal is a great tea brewer, and when you have drunk this I am going to ask him to see you safely home. He is a native of Claudeen."

This was most comforting, and the Sunshine children soon regained their sunny smiles in the genial atmosphere of that funny old room. There were no carpets anywhere that they could see, but plenty of other much more interesting things in the way of curiosities. In fact, the house might have been rightly called "the old curiosity shop."

Noel could have spent hours looking at so many souvenirs, but Mr. Trenaint did not forget their Uncle Bob was probably worrying about his missing relations. So, after tea, he called the smiling Hal, and asked him to see them on the road home.

Hal was not old or grey like his master. He could not have been less than twenty-two, though he was very short and young looking for his age. He had the funniest way of laughing, to himself and hugging his arms. He seemed very devoted to Mr. Trenaint, and told the children the reason as he escorted them across the moors.

"I was going to the workhouse after father was drowned and minnie died," said Hal, "but Mr. Trenaint stepped forward and took me to his house. He said *he* hadn't a relative in the world, and as I hadn't one either I was just the lad he wanted. He's been kind and good to me, kind and good. I wouldn't mind what I did for the master, even if he told me to jump off Sennen Cliffs."

Mr. Trenaint had made great friends with Cluny, and when he heard his history he laughed.

"If he gets into hot water at Rock Grange," he said, "send him to me. He'll be spoilt by us both. Hal has often wanted a dog."

Hal admired Cluny, and repeated Mr. Trenaint's words.

"He'd find a home with us," he said. "I'd love a dog like that. He'd be happy. That old girl who was so cruel ought to be starved. I know her. She doesn't like me—I threw a snowball at her once."

By the time the whole of the snowball story was told Rock Grange had been reached. Cluny disappeared at once. He knew that after such a walk the kitchen hearth was the best place in the house.

Louisa had her face tied up in flannel when they came into the hall passage. She was evidently in a bad temper, and would not even admire the blackberries.

"Half of them spoiled by the mist," said she; "and the master quite ill with anxiety. Talk of children bringing brightness to a house! I say it's a peck of trouble they bring with them; and the best thing you can all do is to have hot baths and go to bed."

She did not expect her advice to be taken, and

was secretly alarmed when the children obediently went off. As a matter of fact those three pairs of legs were tired out, and three footsore little persons quite sensibly realized that after a very tiring and not altogether successful day bed was far the nicest place. Perhaps you may not think it likely, but it is quite true that Con was the only one sufficiently awake to eat the steaming bread and milk with clouted cream which Rose brought up. But then Con *never* liked to hurt the feelings of kind people!

"You needn't whisper, Rose," said Con cheerily, as he sat up in bed; "Noel never wakes up when he's once off. And you need not bother to carry his bread and milk away. I'll drink it. I guess I'm sorry if we worried you any."

"It's not you, my dear," said Rose; "but that Louisa she does drive a girl at times. She's got her face tied up, she has, so Hetty and I know how it will be. And it's mean of her to say it was the dog upset her. She saw the poor thing drying itself, she did, and off she went into her tantrums. Saying a creature like that wasn't healthy in a kitchen with cooking going on! I said if there was any harm to be taken I should have sent Cluny away, and off she flies in a rage. Louisa is all right when she is all right, but she don't know what it is to be fair when she's upset."

"It is a pity," said Con. "I wonder if Mother Siegel's Soothing Syrup would do her good? I bought a packet for Noel once when he was in a fierce temper, and it cured him right there, because he had to laugh. Would you hand me Noel's bread and milk, Rose; then there won't be any waste."

"Bless your heart," laughed Rose. "Never was such a boy! But it's your way, my dear. You've got the wheedling tongue. George's father says there's no one like you. He wants you to go to tea with him, he do. He said he never will forget the lesson he learned when he threw you out of the door and you come in at the window."

"It was quite easy," murmured Con drowsily, "and I'm going to see him and Scrabble soon, Rose. It's the 'cutest name for a cat. I think if ever I have a cat—or a son—of my own I shall call it Scrabble. It sounds so cheerful."

And off to sleep went Con, as happy as possible. Perhaps if he had known what a hearty kiss Rose bestowed on him after he was asleep he would have been less content, for if there was one thing Con detested more than another it was being kissed!

(To be continued.)

Prize Essays

Description of a Book I have Read

THE last book I read was called *Silas Marner*, and it was written by George Eliot. Silas Marner was a weaver who lived near the village of Raveloe. He went to church regularly, and made a friend of William Dane. When one of the members of the church was ill, he helped to sit up with him; but one night some money was missed, and the bag was found in his cottage by William Dane, who really had placed it there. After that he lived the life of a miser until his gold was stolen. Then one winter night, when he came in, he saw the fire shine on something that he thought was his gold which had been returned. He caught hold of it, but he found that it was the golden hair of a little child. Its mother was afterwards found dead in the snow, and so Silas adopted it. He had it christened Eppie, and he looked after her like a mother. She developed a fine capacity for mischief, and once, when she had cut the strip of linen which fastened her to his loom and went out in the fields to play, he acted on the advice of a neighbour and shut her in the coal-hole. He soon brought her out, however, and put her in clean clothes; but he had no sooner turned his back than a pair of black hands and a black face peeped round the door, and a voice said, "Eppie in de toal-hole." She soon learned to love Silas, and she never would leave him.

The story finishes with these words: "In the old days there were angels, who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backwards; and the hand may be a little child's."

ARTHUR SCHOFIELD (age 13).

The Mill on the Floss

Nor long ago I was advised to read this book by a friend who I knew had a very good taste for books. I did so, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

It tells of the ups and downs in life, of success and unsuccess. In the beginning it describes a comfortable but not entirely happy family. They are not beautiful, and yet not ugly. The miller was a big built burly man, with a hasty and impetuous temper, and a determination never to be thwarted in anything by his wife's family. He determined to give his son a good education and did so, though the family said it was bringing him up above his station. But he never heeded them. He wanted his son to be up to all the tricks that the lawyers played on the simple country folks in those days. He hated them so much that he even pursued a lawsuit which ended in ruin for himself and poverty for his family.

The children were fond of one another. Tom inherited the pale complexion and haughty ways of the Dodson family, while Maggie was far different. She was dark and wild. Often people said she was more like a gipsy. She inherited her father's temper. When any one said anything against her father her eyes would flash, and she would clench her hands and often burst out in a temper, leaving the people amazed. After her fits of passion subsided she was penitent, and often wished she hadn't said anything. Her mother wondered how she came to have such a troublesome child. When she was small somebody made a joke about her hair which never would curl. In a fit of fury she rushed upstairs, seized the scissors and cut off her hair. Another time she ran away to the gipsies because Tom had been angry with her and had chosen to ignore her.

When she grew up her life was very sad. She had many suitors for her hand, all of whom she loved dearly and grieved to hurt them. The last scene enacted in the book decided all her troubles for her. She was staying in a friend's house by the river, where were kept two small rowing boats. One night she was reading a letter when she let it fall. She stooped down to get it and felt something cold trickling over her hand. Then the truth dawned upon her. The river had flooded! She called her friends and helped them to get in the boats. In the storm they were parted, and Maggie was alone when a terrible thought assailed her. Her brother was alone at Dorlcote Mill and he would not know about the flood. She rowed to the mill, and her brother got into the boat. They drifted down the river, when a terrible thing happened. A large part of the docks had broken away and was drifting upon them. There was no escaping it. It struck the boat, and the boat vanished beneath the water. The boat reappeared, but brother and sister sank together, their arms locked in their last deathly embrace. A beautiful tombstone was erected to their memory, and on it was inscribed "In death they were not divided."

I like the story because it is so unlike any other story I have read. It is so human. In most books you read the plot is shallow and the heroines are perfect, which, of course, cannot be true, because nobody is perfect.

The author of this book signs her name as George Eliot, but her real name is Marian Evans.

ADELEINE HARRIS (age 13).



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



"JOHNNY," said his mother, "just run across with this little taste of Christmas pudding, and see how old Mrs. Green is this morning."

"Yes, mummy," replied Johnny. A few minutes later he returned and said, "Mrs. Green won't tell me how old she is, mummy."

(Sent in by ELSIE JARVIS.)

* * *

AN American father, very particular that his children should be "always most polite," left New York for a trip abroad when his son, Tom, was busy with his midsummer exams. Anxious to know whether the boy "got through," he bade him cable the result to him as soon as it was known.

Some weeks passed ere the lists were out, and when the father received cable, "Yes. Tom," it puzzled him, for he had quite forgotten giving the instructions to the boy. He therefore cabled back from London,—

"Yes *what*?"

Within an hour came Tom's amended message,—

"Yes, *sir*."

* * *

"LATE for reveille again, I see, O'Malley," snorted the irate captain. "How do you account for this persistent tardiness?"

"'Tis inherited, sir," answered Private O'Malley. "Me father was the late Michael O'Malley."

* * *

Ruby. "Jus' think. Algy is in the football team!"

Betty. "That's fine. What is he—half-back or full-back?"

Ruby. "The captain of the team says he's the greatest drawback the team has ever had."

* * *

"CHANGE here!" cried a new porter at an Irish railway station, as a train came in. "Changeer for Limerickgalwayanmayo."

The stationmaster, who was standing near, reproved him. "Haven't I told you before," he said, "to sing out the names of the stations clearly and distinctly? Bear it in mind: sing them out, d'ye hear?"

"I will, sor," replied the porter, and the passengers in the next train that arrived were considerably astonished to hear the new official singing:

"Sweet dreamland faces,
Passing to and fro,
Change here for Limerick,
Galway, and Mayo."

A Few Conundrums

(Sent in by some of our Readers.)

WHAT trees are not affected by fire?

Ans. Ashes, because when burned they are still ashes.

(ANNIE JARVIS.)

WHY is a horse cleverer than a fox?

Ans. Because a horse can run when he is in a trap, and a fox cannot.

(BESSIE POPE.)

WHEN does a horse weigh most heavily?

Ans. When he is led (lead).

(MARJORIE STEVENSON.)

WHAT is the difference between a hungry man and a glutton?

Ans. One longs to eat, and the other eats too long.

(HARRY JONES.)

How can you get a new set of teeth inserted *gratis*?

Ans. Kick a bull-dog.

WHICH is the easier to spell, Tweedle-dee or Tweedledum?

Ans. Tweedle-dee, because it is spelt with more "e's" (ease).

(BEATRICE BRIGGS.)

WHY did Eve never fear the measles?

Ans. Because she'd Adam.

(JOSEPH CLAY.)

WHY did the cart wheel?

Ans. Because the wheel spoke.

(BERT OVERTON.)

WHAT is worse than pouring cats and dogs?

Ans. Hailing taxis.

(LILY ROBERTS.)

WHEN are the streets most greasy?

Ans. When the rain is dripping.

(ERIC ALCOCK.)

WHAT is the difference between a blind man and a sailor in prison?

One cannot see to go, and the other cannot go to sea.

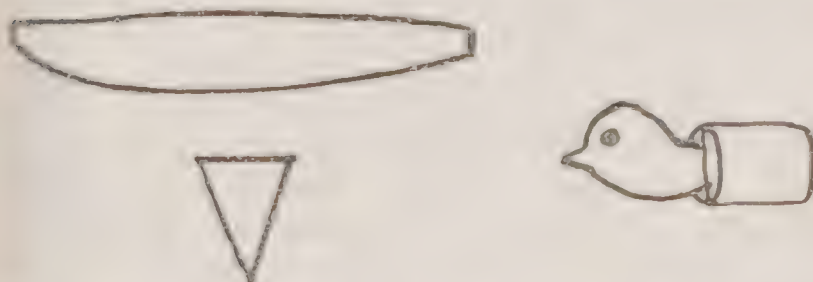
Jim. "How do they get the water in a watermelon?"

Mary. "By planting them in the spring, I guess."

THINGS TO
MAKE

A Gliding Bird

A VERY amusing toy in the form of a gliding bird can be made from a cork and some stout note-paper or thin cardboard. An ordinary bottle cork, which is about an inch long, would answer the purpose very well. From the paper or cardboard cut the head of a bird, which is about double the length of the cork. Make a slit in the cork, and then push in



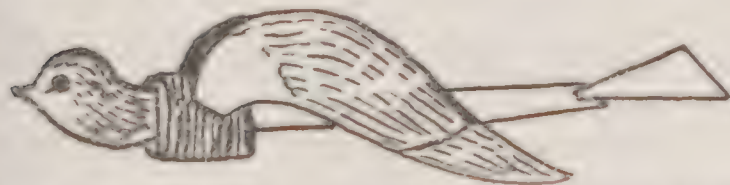
the head of the bird in the manner shown in the picture. The wings may now be prepared, and these should be $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and not wider than $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the widest part. The head and wings may be



be painted with water colours. In a slit on either side of the cork the wings are inserted, and these should be bent slightly, as indicated. Now cut a strip of the paper or cardboard shaped like that shown in the figure. This should be 7 inches long by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide at its broadest part. Then a triangular tail,

about 2 inches in length, is needed to finish the bird. The long strip is inserted in a slit made in the cork at the end away from the head. At the other end of the strip the triangular tail is pushed into a hole. The bird is now ready for a flight.

Hold by the strip, with the head pointed downward, and throw with considerable force. The bird will soar up in a most diverting manner, and con-



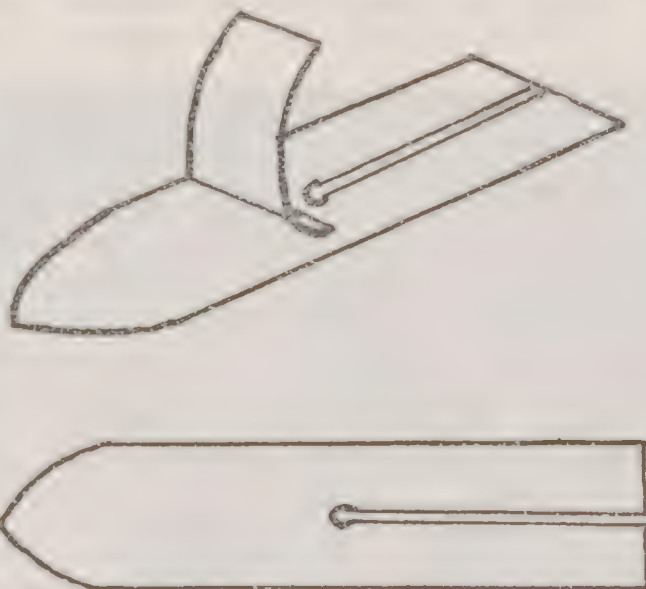
tinue to glide for a considerable distance before reaching the ground.

If a number of these birds was prepared, each of a

distinctive colour, an amusing game can be played in seeing who can make a bird glide the farthest.

A Little Boat

HERE is a way of making a novel little boat which will move about on water in a most amusing manner. From stiff writing paper cut a boat-shaped piece like that shown in the first figure. Near the centre of the bottom of the boat cut a small hole about as big as a pea, and from this to the end cut a narrow slit.



Then, from another piece of paper, cut out a little sail which can be fixed upright with some sealing-wax. Put the boat carefully on to a basin of water and then place a drop of salad oil into the round opening. At once the boat will start to sail away merrily, forced along by the efforts of the oil to spread on the water. The boat will keep moving about for quite a long while.

Picture Children

3. The Rabbit on the Wall

NO artist has given so much pleasure to the people who look carefully at his pictures as kindly David Wilkie. He it was who painted the picture of "The Rabbit on the Wall." It is like most of his other paintings—it is full of fun. Look at the baby! How he loves to see this queer rabbit appear on the wall, and he puts out his hand to try to catch Bunny before he goes again. If the mother did not hold the baby in her arms, he would leap off her knees and hurt himself on the stone floor.

The three older children enjoy the fun too, but one of the boys looks as though he thought this rabbit too wonderful to laugh at; while his sister moves the candle to and fro so as to make the rabbit move about and jump.

Wilkie, who lived in Scotland, had been in many a cottage, and had seen many a father, home from his work on the farm, amuse his children in this way on dark winter nights. In his own country the trick is called sometimes "The Hare among the Kail," for in Scotland they call cabbage "kail."

The artist was born in 1785 at Cults, a village in Fifeshire, where his father was the minister. He could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell; and when he was sent to school he spent much of his time making portraits of the other boys. These they bought from him for marbles, pencils, and other things such as boys love. When



he was a little older he began to make money by his pictures, and this he saved so that he might in time have enough to take him to London.

He soon became known there, and his pictures were sold for high prices. He was made a knight, Sir David Wilkie; and the Duke of Wellington gave him twelve hundred guineas for a picture of "The Chelsea Pensioners listening to the News of Waterloo."

The picture of "The Rabbit on the Wall" was exhibited in the year 1816. In a letter to his sister about this picture Wilkie wrote, "In many parts I think I have succeeded better than common in this painting."

Wilkie was fond of going to Italy, Spain, Holland, and Germany; and when he was coming back from his travels in 1841 he died on board the ship, and was buried at sea.

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Lane Bird

ONE spring morning a little boy was playing near his mother's cottage door.

All at once he saw a large bird with a snow-white body and dark wings. It came slowly down to the ground with its wings spread out until its feet gently touched the grass by the side of the road.

At once the little boy ran after the bird. It went at great speed along the grass for a few moments. Then it began to go more slowly. Its wings drooped as though it had been hurt, and it limped as it ran.

"Ah," said the little boy, "I will soon catch you now." Then he ran on as fast as he could, and got nearer and nearer to the bird, which had a crest upon its head.

The bird and the boy went for a long way across the moor. All at once the bird stopped. Then it rose slowly into the air and flew away across the moor.

The boy stopped too. "I thought I was going to catch you," he said, as he looked up at the bird, now high in the air.

It took the little fellow a long time to walk home again. Then he told his mother where he had been. She laughed gently.

"You are not the first who has been led away by a plover or lapwing," she said.

"When you saw it come down on the grass, it was not far from its nest. It did not wish you to find its eggs; so it led you away across the moor."

"In some places they call it the pewit, from the cry it makes when in the air."

"I heard it make a kind of scream as it flew away," said the boy.

"Yes," said his mother. "They say in Yorkshire that the sound is like *te-wit, te-wit*."

Childhood of Famous People

I. Arthur, Duke of Wellington

IN long ago days, when the stars were thought to hold the secret of the fortune of every child born into the world, wise men gazed up into the wonderful dome of heaven, set with its millions of diamond lamps, and tried to read in that shining page of night the secret which only the coming years could unfold.

Surely if the stars, which look down so calmly and so coldly upon the little lives just beginning in this world of ours, were really fortune-tellers, they would have set a special sign in the heavens to mark the year of Grace 1769, the year which saw the birth of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon Bonaparte.

But the stars shone on as usual and the world went its way, and there was nothing to mark the birth of our great general, there was nothing to give even a hint of what the years held in store for him. Indeed it seemed of so little importance that we do not know the exact day of his birth, nor the exact place where he was born.

People say that every mother sees a halo round her child which enables her to foresee the honours that will crown the little downy head lying so helpless in its cradle, but dreams like these were never dreamed over the head of this particular baby. His mother never thought much about him at all. Only as he grew older she was vexed with his slow way of speaking and his dull manner. He really did seem a very stupid boy.

"I vow," she would say, "I don't know what I shall do with my awkward son Arthur."

When his lady mother said that, all the household of course followed suit, and Arthur was considered an awkward dunce, and no one troubled themselves much about him. And if the stars took no notice of his birthday, neither did the sun shine very brightly on his childhood, for he was a lonely, rather unhappy little boy.

School was considered the best place for a tiresome child, and as soon as he was old enough Arthur was sent away to a little school where he was not much happier than he had been at home. He does not seem to have had any hampers of good things, or much pocket-money either. One of his school-fellows remembered long years afterwards how "Lord Wellesley called on Arthur one day and gave him a shilling." Not a very big tip from an elder brother!

After the preparatory school Arthur was sent to Eton, and there he was still considered a dull, stupid boy. His head was so often in the clouds, and he looked as if he was always dreaming, besides being very shy. He was not a favourite amongst the boys, for he did not care much about games and never played in the school cricket matches, or rowed in the boat races. Almost always by himself, he wandered about apparently doing nothing; but all the time he was looking and learning, and storing up a golden store in his mind. There was nothing too small for him to notice. What seemed like unimportant details to others, were the things he tried first of all to learn before going on to bigger things.

There was no thought in the boy's mind at that time that he would become a soldier. He had no wish to go into the army, although he was certainly by no means afraid of fighting and could hold his own fairly well with other boys.

Walking one day by the side of the river, he saw one of his schoolfellows bathing and was prompted to throw a small stone at him. The stone hit the swimmer, who was naturally most indignant, and who shouted out,—

"Do that again and I'll come ashore and thrash you."

Of course, after a threat like that, there was nothing left for Arthur Wellesley to do but to throw another stone, and the furious bather scrambled up the bank and proceeded to carry out his threat. Wellesley gave back blow for blow, and ended by completely routing the enemy, although he certainly was in the wrong that time, and did not deserve the victory he won.

But there were other times when he did not come off with such flying colours. On his grandfather's estate in North Wales there lived a young blacksmith with whom Arthur was very friendly, until one day when some difference of opinion arose between them, and they settled to fight it out. The battle was a fierce one, but in the end the blacksmith was victorious, and gave Arthur a sound thrashing. Long years afterwards, that blacksmith used to proudly boast that he had beaten the man who had conquered Napoleon and all his generals, and he always added, "And Master Wesley bore not a pin's worth of ill-will for the beating, but made me his companion in many a wild ramble after the fight, just as he had done before."

The school days at Eton were cut short for Arthur when his father, Lord Mornington, died, and his mother went to live in Brussels and took him with her. There he studied under a tutor, Monsieur Louis Goubert, whom Arthur always kindly remembered,

for in after years he tells how "as I rode into Brussels the day after the battle of Waterloo, I passed the old house and recognized it, and pulling up ascertained that the old man was still alive. I sent for him and recalled myself to his recollection, shook hands with him, and assured him that, for old acquaintance' sake, he should be protected from all molestation."

After a year at Brussels Arthur was sent to a school at Angers, where he learned French, and, according to a friend's account, he "played well on the fiddle, but never gave indication of any other species of talent."

By this time his mother was quite hopeless about her awkward son Arthur, and she decided that he should enter the army. "He is good for powder and

nothing more," she declared. So his elder brother wrote to the Viceroy of Ireland, saying, "Let me remind you of a younger brother of mine whom you were so kind as to take into your consideration for a commission in the army. He is here at this moment and perfectly idle. It is a matter of indifference to me what commission he gets, provided he gets it soon."

The stars must surely then have looked down with quickened interest, watching for the fate of nations to be decided, watching for the coming of the hero, whose very name is now the glory of England, the quiet dull boy who had "shown no signs of greatness," but who stood out to win fame and honour for his nation and himself.



ST. DOMINIC'S SCHOOL, HARPENDEN, HERTS.

On the Left :

Jack Clayton.

Florence Appleby.

Tommy Walkerley.

Hilda Woor.

Margaret Rawson.

Dorothy Atlay.

On the Right :

Marjorie Reeves.

Margaret Mather.

Mary Rawson.

Marjorie Warren.

Decima Rowlinson.

Muriel Chinch.

Edith Johnson.

Our Competitions

In each Competition at least Three Book Prizes are offered for the best work.

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than May 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for May

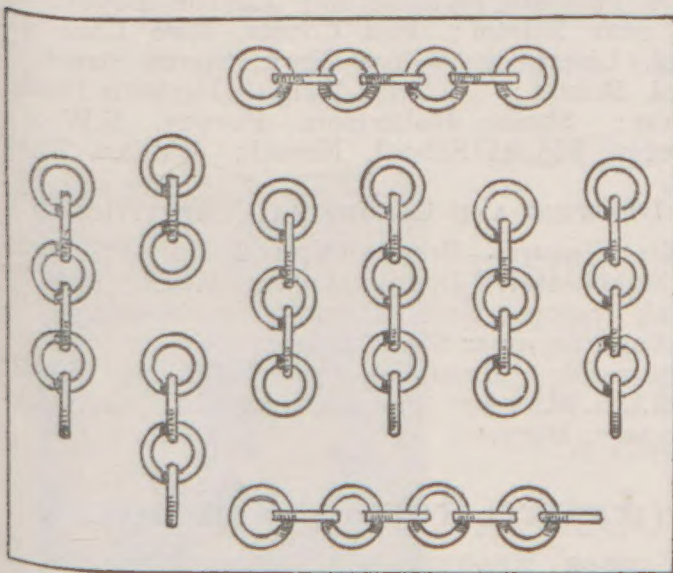
SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

A CHAIN PUZZLE

A man had nine pieces of chain, as shown in the illustration. He wanted to join these fifty links into one endless chain. It will cost a penny to open any



link and twopence to weld a link together again, but he could buy a new endless chain of the same character and quality for 2s. 2d. What was the cheapest course for him to adopt?

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a hen with chickens, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

VERSE COMPETITION

The following stanza is the beginning of a Christmas carol:—

How many miles to Bethlehem?
Not very far.
Shall we find the stable-room
Lit by a star?

Write three more verses to follow the above.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

If you were not yourself, who would you choose to be, and why? Write a short essay on this subject.

JUMBLED TOWNS

The names of the following towns in the British Isles have been twisted about in the printing. What are they?

1. Aeeibdhknr. 2. Ykdklclair. 3. Ladmoh. 4. Eeiud-fimrn. 5. Ceelirst. 6. Lapyise. 7. Aaeedghst. 8. Rrwtaeofd. 9. Looeipvlr. 10. Gedorahd.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a kite, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Write an account of the parable of "The Sower."

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to a friend telling him or her of "Things that you Like."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a cricket bat and ball, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for March

ESSAY COMPETITION. (See page 73.)

Prize-Winners.—Arthur Schofield, Elm Street Council School, Middleton, Manchester. Adeleine Harris, c/o Coleman, Hallen, Henbury, near Bristol. Antoinette Picard, 86 Quai Claude-le-Lorrain, Nancy, Meurthe-et-Moselle, France.

Honourable Mention.—Marjorie Butler, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Ruby Dobbin, Bushmills; John Piers, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Nora Whiteley, St. Mary's School, Bury; Joseph Wright and Walter Mansell, Chester Road Council School, New Ferry; Bramwell Greenhalgh, Elm Street Council School, Middleton; Joan Evelyne Davids, London; Stanley Morris, Southfield, Wandsworth.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Boy Scout.

Prize-Winners.—John Wright, 20 Mason Street, Bury. Harold Ellis, The Southfield School, Wandsworth,

S.W. 18. Kathleen Gwilliam, 9 North Street, St. James, Bristol.

Honourable Mention.—Mazoura Flockhart, Joppa; Bert Overton, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Arthur Fairclough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Jack Douthwaite, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Girl Guide.

Prize-Winners.—Lily Dewhurst, 16 Mills Hill, Middleton, Manchester. Eleanor W. Stuart, 4 Tay Terrace, East Newport, Fife. Betty Bolton, "Gordonville," Cregagh, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Alfred Hardman, Bury; Molly Colton, Gillingham; Gladys Tiller, Valley Girls' School, Bromley; L. Clarice Jackson, Council School House, Goldenhill, Staffordshire.

MATCH PUZZLE

Very few of our competitors managed to find the correct solution to this puzzle, which is shown below. It will be seen that Fig. A contains five equal equilateral triangles, and Fig. B contains fifteen similar triangles, so that the one figure is three times as large as the other, and exactly eighteen matches are used.

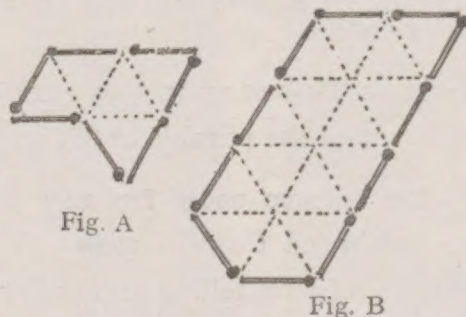


Fig. A

Fig. B

The prize-winners are Ronald Briggs and Lily Dewhurst, Elm Street Council School, Middleton, Manchester.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Annie Drinkwater, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancashire. Emmeline Hearne, Barnsole Road School, Gillingham, Kent. Ruth Nancy Billington, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Ivy Holloway, Southampton; Kathleen Silvester, Clapham, S.W.; Mary Bott, Newport, Salop; Bert Overton, Kemberton School; Edith Brindle, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Mabel Sandler, Mount School, Kersal; J. Fearnley, Bradford; Doreen I. Buss, Midhurst; Joseph Russell, Strabane; Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION (see page 67)

Prize-Winners.—Winifred R. Godfrey, 47 Bromley Crescent, Shortlands, Kent. Edna Sherman, 20 Trentham Street, Southfields. Marth Gilchrist, 46 Darnley Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow. Lenna Short, Warrington Road County Council School, Widnes. May Wilkinson, 8 Kew Gardens, Glasgow. Phyllis Boden, Warrington Road County Council School, Widnes.

Honourable Mention.—H. Minford, Templepatrick; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School; Mary Murray, Rice Lane Council School, Liverpool; Nellie Hopkins, Aldeburgh-on-Sea; Nora Hambly, London; Edith Warrall, Bootle; Evelyn Leonard, Annie Moss, and Edith Kefford, Warrington Road County Council School, Widnes; Brenda Sadler, Southfields School, S.W.; Pauline Stammers, Norwich; Charles Cooper,

Middleton; Nancy M'Donald, Glasgow; Arthur Fairclough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Yacht.

Prize-Winners.—Frederick John Chapple, 81 Heythorp Street, Southfields, S.W. 18. Annie Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. George Coates, 10 Alexandra Avenue, Alexandra Road, Hull.

Honourable Mention.—Albert Southall and George Alliez, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Nita Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Donald Stockton, Handsworth; R. L. Bland, Chadwell Heath.

Doll's House.

Prize-Winners.—Rosemary Easton, Hopeleigh, Pennington, Manchester. Doris Wood, 12 Cresset Lane, Brockmoor, near Brierley Hill, Staffordshire. Sydney Beach, "Wyvern," New Road, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Lacy and Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Mary Davies, Gnosall, Staffordshire.

ACROSTIC COMPETITION

[Answers: 1. Crooked (or curved). 2. Helvetil.

Atlantic (Arctic, Antarctic). 4. Rook. 5. Lustre.

Elevation. 7. Sumptuous. Author's name: Charles Dickens.]

Prize-Winners.—Arnold P. Austin, "Woodcroft," Fernleigh Road, Grange-over-Sands. Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, County Down. John Patton, Montilly, Sion Mills.

Honourable Mention.—Florence Bolton, Bromley; Richard Gee, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Nancy Leach, Elm Street Council School, Middleton; Geoffrey T. Eagling, Cricklewood, N.W.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Nora Gilbertson, 14 Tylney Road, Sheffield. Jack Mackenzie, 17 Bouverie Street, York. Barbara Wawn, 10 Thornhill Terrace, Sunderland.

Honourable Mention.—Doris Cahill, Putney, S.W. Phoebe Pattison, Willington; Charlie Boyett, Greenfield, near Bristol; Eva Cooms, Rice Lane Council School, Liverpool; Olive Clark, South Street Junior School, Bristol; Nicholas Wright, Hesketh Bank, near Preston; Sheila Robertson, Putney, S.W.; Olga Singleton, Mount School, Kersal; William Reynolds, Bury.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Brenda Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Dennis Dunn, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. Enid Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Esther Maher, Southfields School, S.W. 18; Nora Gilbertson, Sheffield; Thompson, Bury.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,—The entries for the Poetry Competition were so bright and well done that I thought you, too, would enjoy reading some of the best of them. These you will find printed on page 67, and, as well, some of the best essays are given on page 73. I hope to print each month a few of the best essays, etc., as far as space will permit.

I hope you have all had a good Easter holiday, and are feeling fresh and full of vigour again.—Yours sincerely,
THE EDITRESS.

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CHILDREN'S PAPER

COMPETITION FORM. [May.

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